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Seven little girls share a calabash dish of corn and greens at the noon meal during a day of communal field work.

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Boys spin tops on a banana leaf.

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153 with which adults make no attempt to interfere. On the contrary, there is in the culture a highly significant game that actually encourages it. The game is a version of our "This little pig went to market" rhyme.

153 524 Taking the child's little finger, the mother says, "This is your young corn. By and by I shall harvest it, roast it, and we shall eat." Taking the fourth finger, she says, "This is your young beans. By and by I shall harvest them, boil them, and we shall eat." The game continues, with the mother naming a different food for each finger. Another version names a series of foods that the mother will bring back from a bartering trip to the market. No matter what version is used, at the climax of the game the mother thrusts the child's hand into its mouth and says, "Here, eat them. Eat the souls of these foods." The difference between our game and that of the Alorese is in the latter's striking denouement: The child is stimulated to anticipate food and is then offered an unsatisfactory substitute.

146 It may be pertinent to add here a comment about food, as opposed to attitudes toward feeding. The diet is high in indigestible carbohydrates, such as maize, rice, and beans, all low in proteins. The beans grown in Alor are not rich in the latter food element.* Meat is a treat rather than a staple; eggs and fish are rarely eaten. As a result of diet and feeding habits, a child probably experiences both "hollow hunger" (sense of emptiness) and "hidden hunger" (malnutrition). They are not rachitic, however, since vitamins from food and sunlight are plentiful.

TOILET TRAINING

163 Toilet training is taught gradually and easily. When the child can walk and "when it is old enough to understand," the mother makes a point of taking it with her morning and evening when she defecates either in the privy or outside at the edge of the village. Also, the child is watched and told to withdraw whenever it needs to eliminate. Mothers report that children learn within a few months to use the proper places and to clean themselves with leaves. Children are sometimes careless in cleaning themselves and as a result may suffer a certain amount of anal irritation.

One mother, whose time sense was a little more precise than that of most women, reported that she began training her son at nineteen months, shortly after he began walking. She claims that in five or six

* W. F. Donath, D. R. Koolhaas, and A. G. Van Veen, "Voedingsexbellen," *Geneeskundig Tijdschrift voor Nederlandsch-Indië*, 73:431 (March 5, 1931). For a further discussion regarding the place of meat in the Alorese diet, see below, pages 57–58.

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to eat. They said, "Mother, it smells of feces." She answered, "Then 539
go to the privy to eat." They went to the privy but still smelled feces. When they returned to the center of the house, they still smelled them. Then they saw that feces were mixed with the millet and refused to eat.

The mother said to the youngest son, "Take this food and eat it." Thereupon he demanded of his mother all his adult male regalia [sword, bow, arrows, shields, plumes, and the like, the dialogue concerning which forms the bulk of the story]. When he was fully accoutered, he ran from the house, saying, "My mother cooked millet and feces for me to eat." He ran off toward the sea. His mother wept and followed him, saying, "It would be nice if you returned, my child." But he refused, reproaching her once more with her deed.

On the beach he deloused his mother and she fell asleep during the process. He then went out to the reef and summoned sea spirits to wake his mother with a wave. When the wave nudged his mother awake she pled once more for her son's return. Again he refused, repeating the story of her ill treatment.

As the son began his ascent from the sea to the sky [to become the morning star] he instructed his mother to prepare the cornfields of his brothers and to weed for them. His mother made one more attempt to bring him back by shoving a pole out to him on the reef, but it did not reach him.

PLAY, PRIVILEGE, AND RESPONSIBILITY

Aside from the described differences in relation to food, no sharp 857
distinctions are made in bringing up boys and girls, and there is no formal segregation. Children play a great deal. Girls emphasize food-gathering activities and cooking; boys emphasize hunting. It is noteworthy that the children have many games and toys, some of which are very ingenious—for example, a pressure squirt gun that is fashioned of bamboo.

The children's aptitude in games stands in contrast to that of adults, [524 535]
who play no games at all and whose recreation is confined to dances, ceremonial gatherings, and, for men, gong beating. I made no exhaustive survey of children's games and toys, but of a casual list of twenty-one items all but two were used by both sexes. The exceptions were cat's cradle, which was a girl's game, and wooden tops, which were for [524]
boys.*

This list excludes the games imitating adult activities, which are a large part of play. Here, as among adults, one finds that skills may be

* Compare sex differences in the subject matter of the children's drawings in Chapter 22.

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childhood, is replaced in late childhood to a large extent, but not exclusively, by the words for genitals. On the other hand, it was interesting to note in the exchange of insults accompanying mock warfare between two gangs of boys the point at which adults began to feel that the children were overstepping the bounds of what might be allowed. The boys hurled the following remarks at each other without provoking comment: "Crooked neck," "Yaws buttocks," "Eat feces," "Follow your dead mother," "Soft bellies," "Swollen throats." But two insults that brought angry protest from adults were: "Sleep with your mother; your father can't," and "May you grow hair on your penis."

AGGRESSION

The decrease of obscenity in growing children is paralleled by the decrease in actual aggressions. Boys are told to become more circumspect in their language and to avoid blows. The situation is nicely summed up in a comment on an adolescent fight in which blood had been shed. The narrator finished the story with these words, "We promised not to exchange blows any more and if we fought, to fight only with words." And in order to avoid fines, words too must become more guarded as one grows older and richer. Even in fairly young boys the adult male pattern of avoiding blows begins to take effect. On the whole, I had the impression that there were far fewer physical combats among the play groups of Atimelang than among comparable groups in our schoolyards. Once when a pair of boys about thirteen and fourteen began actually hitting at each other, my camera caught what my eye failed to catch—namely, the fashion in which all the younger boys drew away from the scene in apparent fright. This, of course, is in distinct contrast to the way children in our society tend to crowd around in a circle when a fight begins.

The number of anecdotes in the autobiographies that deal with violence do not substantiate my impressions and observations on this point. It is quite possible that adults dwell unduly in fantasy on a period that allowed freer expression of hostility.

It is interesting in this respect that the forfeit for losing games is to receive a specified number of slaps. However, despite this permissible outlet for aggression, I was struck by the casualness with which the slaps were given. Very rarely did I see either boys or girls, after winning a game of marbles or jacks for example, take vigorous advantage of this opportunity. In contrast to this should be noted the verbal aggression in a game of "hide-the-thimble." A piece of blady grass is hidden on the dance place by one player. The finder pounds the grass on a stone,

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[52] saying, "I am pounding your nose, I am pounding your mouth," and so on, enumerating all the parts of the body.

[155] The picture, therefore, seems one of progressive restraint from direct aggression to verbal aggression and of decreasing freeness in verbal aggression paralleling increasing wealth. As we shall see, this situation represents training in an aspect of one of the major emotional functions of wealth in Atimelang.

Children may vent aggression and take revenge in the form of spite and ridicule directed toward younger children or toward helpless adults. Matingma the Crazy Woman was the butt of a good deal of ridicule from young boys, who sometimes followed her down the trail imitating her walk and commenting in loud voices on her sl[illegible] breasts and her promiscuity. In the children's drawings (Chapter 21) one boy represented Matingma the Crazy Woman and Lakamau the Simpleton walking together, to the uproarious amusement of the other children. On another day a boy of about fifteen drew Lakamau the Simpleton while Lakamau was present, to the victim's great discomfiture. It is worth noting that the boy later shared with Lakamau the candy he had received in payment for his drawings. Whether this should be interpreted as a gesture of kindness or a self-imposed fine, I am at a loss to say. It is quite possible that in Alor kindness and indemnification become closely associated concepts. The system of punishing and then placating a child by "speaking nicely" to it suggests that such kindness is a sort of compensation for the disciplinor's own irritability, for which he feels the need to atone. It might be considered a kind of indemnification pattern, which is also found in financial relationships.

[155] The spite and revenge that children may direct toward helpless individuals is quite possibly the explanation of adult teasing of children. One can afford to be spiteful only toward people who have no redress. The degrees to which adult discipline may be based on such a revenge principle is almost overtly stated in this passage from an autobiography: "Now [as in my father's day] we also talk to the small children and teach them. When we were small and didn't work, our parents took our hands and rubbed them on the ground. [This was done fairly hard and was meant to hurt.] We too educate our children in this fashion. When I didn't work in the fields, father twice had to rub my hands on the ground, and twice he had to tie my hands behind me." There is at least a modicum of moralistic hypocrisy in such a viewpoint.

There is no material indicating that a child ever turns spite or revenge inward upon itself. I know of only one brief episode in which an adult so interpreted the behavior of his child. "When I was five or six I

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how I had gnawed through the cord and run away, and she said the crop was hers. She told me I could not cut her gardens any more, and if I wanted to cut gardens I had better go to my father's. She herself got the corn. 159[X]

All this time I was living with Alurkoma. Alurkoma's wife, Tilamau, said I had better go work at Ruatang, where my father's garden was. So I went there to cut the garden. The first year I got a hundred bundles of maize and sold them in Likuwatang and bought a knife. The next year I got only forty bundles, the year after only thirty, the year after only twenty. Then I stopped working there. [Question.] Mother and father lived together all this time. [How many years did you live with your grandparents?] Four years. [Then?] Then I returned to live with my mother and father. At this time I had a friend called Fanmale. We used to shoot at a banana trunk target. When Fanmale hit the target many times, I would beat him over the head with a bow. When I hit the target many times, he would hit me over the head with a bow. We were always quarreling. Then we said we had better stop target shooting. We stopped being friends, and I made friends with Malemani. I threw out Fanmale. I was maybe twelve or thirteen at this time. [524]

Malemani made a house in the fields. His mother was dead. Young men and women gathered there. Girls and boys planned whom they would marry. They slept together in this house. The house was near the Limbur ravine. We played there for three years. I stayed there and didn't live with my mother and father. There were many gardens there and enough to eat. 159[X] 842

After we had been there awhile I said, "We play only with women and do not think of anything else. Let us think of collecting a bride-price. We had better cut a new rice field and sell the rice for mokos and thus accumulate a bride-price." We planned a rice field but got only four baskets full. Matingma came down and asked how much we had and we said twenty gallons [i.e., four baskets holding about five gallons each]. I left my rice there and mother and father ate it. I left for Awai to cut fields. The first year I planted beans and we harvested four cans. There were twenty-six cans of rice. Of this I got two cans of beans and twelve of rice. One can of beans I carried back here and gave my mother. For three years I cut a garden in Awai and also here. I traveled back and forth. I sold my rice for a Tamamia [6-rupiah moko]. I brought the Tamamia here and father gave it to other people, giving me a Manlingmauk [10-rupiah moko] in exchange for it. 159[X]

When I had this moko, Kolata's family accused me of sleeping with

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one end of a space and ten at the other. We each had one arrow to start with and we got all those we shot into the targets. I hit them all and got twenty arrows. Then I stopped and went back to the village. The others kept on trying until all the arrows were given away. There were ten contestants. [59x] [52]

When I was about sixteen, my younger brother, Semmani, and Fantan were outside the house. Padalani came along with his younger brother, Azuma, and one other person. We were playing a circle game. Padalani said he had tagged Fantan as Fantan tried to escape from the circle. Fantan said he hadn't. We began fighting. Padalani and I were very angry. We fought with cassava stalks and he hit me on the head. Then I took a peanut stalk and hit his head. Padalani picked up a stone and threw it at me. It hit my head and blood streamed down, so I went to Manikaliets, the former chief of Dikimpe. We all sat down on the ground in front of him [as is customary in litigation]. He fined Padalani twenty-five cents. He paid for his fault. Then the chief said, "Another time are you going to fight or not?" I said we wouldn't fight any more. The chief asked, "Are you going to act like father and child?" and I said we were. Then he asked Padalani the same things. We promised not to exchange blows any more and if we fought to fight only with words. The chief then told us to go. [52] ●

When we went away, Padalani called me and said, "I've made you bleed, so we had better be friends." He gave me a chicken and fifteen cents. Later when Padalani fed his Rui Nai [a form of sacred hearth], I gave him a pig to sacrifice. Then he set food out for me. He didn't speak but just looked at the food, and I knew it was for me. I took it and ate it. When the Yetok feast was given [customary time for exchanging food gifts], he gave me young corn, fish, coconuts, and rats. I gave him meat my father had, and rats and coconuts too. [123]

Once Padalani called me to go hunt rats on a level place. Padalani got seven. We went to make a playhouse and built a fire. We set out flat stones and fed them, calling on our ancestors to come eat. There was a scorpion in the stones and it bit my thumb. I cried. Padalani told me to hold out my thumb and he would urinate on it. He opened his loincloth and urinated on my finger to cure it. [Interpreter and informant giggle a bit at this point.] [76]

The next day Padalani called me again to come to the field house. We got a rat and I cut a banana stalk to eat. While we were cooking, three men—Lakafani, Fankaliets, and Maletu—came into the house. The house was weak and collapsed when the three men entered. I fell

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in the stone pile. We stopped all the holes with weeds, but we got only two small mice. Then we came to a large hole under a stone. We cleared away around the place and Lakamau stood guard at the exit. We heard a noise inside like rats, "Ki, ki, ki." Then we shook the stones again and we heard a noise, "Tss, tss, tss." We shook it again and heard a noise like pigs, "Krr, krr, krr." We were afraid. Fankaliets said, "That's nothing. Rats also are smart and imitate those noises." Then suddenly a snake came out of the hole. It had a red neck. When it came out its breath struck Lakamau in the face. He felt dizzy and fell over. Fankaliets got a club and killed the snake. We opened its belly and there were twelve rats in it. We roasted cassava in the field and ate before coming home. 157Y

[I asked for personal memories.] When I was about twelve, I, Alofe, Manikari, Lanwai, Fanalo, and Fanmani went to play at Fuhieng. We made believe we were going on a wild-pig hunt. Fanmani and I dug two tubers and put them in our baskets. We made a pig rack at our hunting camp. Then we went to hunt deer, pigs, and carabao. We went to a banana clump and if we found a grasshopper we called it wild pig. We all came and shouted challenge and then put it on the rack. If we got a kind of beetle, we called it a carabao. We surrounded it and made believe we were shooting it. We called the praying mantis a deer. At midday we ate our tubers. In the afternoon we hunted again. [He spent a great deal of time going over these details.] In the evening we roasted our catch and went home. We shouted challenge [*maboina*] for each of the insects we had caught. 157 524

Once, when the red corn was ripe, Alofe's mother ordered me and Fanalo to go hunt rats in her garden, because they were eating up all her corn. We looked in all the stone piles. There were no rats. Then we saw a runway near a big stone. We caught a grown rat and her nine babies there. I said, "Now let us take these to our mother [i.e., Alofe's mother, classificatory]." But Fanalo said, "No, we shall roast them here and eat them." I didn't want to, but Fanalo went on collecting wood for a fire. He ordered me to go fetch fire. I didn't want to. I said, "We ought to take these to our mother. I won't get fire." So Fanalo hit me. I cried and went off saying I would tell our mother. Then Fanalo clubbed me on the head, making a wound from which blood flowed. I went to Fanalo's mother and told her. Fanalo's mother was angry with him. That night he did not dare come home but went to sleep in another house.

Once, two days before the Yetok feast, Alurkoma, who was about

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Chapter 14

Tilapada

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

December 13, 1938

x159 Tonight I dreamed that my soul went to my mother and father. They asked, "Why are you here?" I said, "I have just come to see my mother and father." They said I must go back. Father stayed, but mother brought me part of the way. Then we flew to the boundary of Talemang, where we fell into a treetop. We ran from there to Montoti. In a short time we were at Fanalugi. Then mother turned back and I came on alone.

I dreamed again. I held some rice in my hand and my husband said, "That rice is not good; it is evil spirits' rice. You can't take it. Put it away." I jumped up on a horse [horses were not used here and were very much feared]. It ran up to the village, and when we came to the tumukun's house he said, "Wah! Women may not ride horses." He was very angry and told me to get down. So I got down and the kapitan got on the horse and rode it to the government camp. I went home.

[Early memories?] When I was small I sat with my younger sister, Maliema. We told stories of civet cats. We took ashes and sprinkled
● [524] them in the doorway. Then we said, "The cat, the cat has come. Oh, already it is here. Oa, oa, ing-ing, kanaley; ang-ang, kanaley [nonsense syllables of children's games]." Then we looked at the ashes, and there were the footprints of a cat. We shouted to chase it away.

We went out. It was rice-planting time. We made holes with a stick as though we were planting rice, but we were only planting earth. A lot of boys were playing the same game. They covered our holes, so we covered their holes. Then we fought, the boys against the girls.

Once we were playing and someone said [in singsong], "Padahavelulues has come." For this we had to sing a song, which I have forgotten. Then we went outside. The boys and girls began to fight with cornstalks because the boys imitated all we said; they repeated everything after us, so we threw cornstalks at them.

My mother told me that when I was still so small that she was carrying me she took me to Padalang [the mother's kinsman], and he gave us a goat to bring to a feast for the building of Tilalawati [their lineage house]. When I was big enough to remember, we hadn't yet paid for it. Although I was still small, I was married to Likma, and we used [part of]

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X 159 [Again I asked for memories of parents or siblings. She related a standardized account of her and a sibling's following their mother to the garden and playing behind her as she worked.] At midday mother told me and my sibling to go back to the village. She said she would be home that evening. We played on the village dance place. We hid pieces of blady-grass stalks, and the others had to find them. The finder pounded a piece of the blady grass and said as he pounded it, "I am pounding your nose, your mouth . . . [she named a series of body parts]."

524 [Again I insisted on personal anecdotes.] Falongpada and I were playing hide-and-seek. Falongpada hid and sang out, "Kilikulu [equivalent to *ready*]." I answered, "I shall bite her leg. I shall bite her hand." When I found her I shouted, "Wah!" Then it was my turn to hide.

December 22, 1938

I dreamed that my soul went to Baletmia. There I saw much betel up in a mango tree. When I climbed up there was none there. So I came down and then saw another tree with much betel in it. I climbed it. When I went up the tree there were no houses. When I came down, I found myself descending into a house corridor. The doorway was closed with wall material and there was no ladder. I wondered how I would get down. I thought I could go down the house posts by one of the rat disks. Then I saw a woman come up on the verandah below. It was Tilapada [a stranger who had come to Atimelang on a visit some months before and whose baby died while she was in the village]. I said, "Oh, it is fine that you have come. I am glad. There is no ladder here and I was wondering how I would get down." Tilapada asked me, "Why do you come to my house?" I said I had climbed down from a tree and found myself in her house. She put up a ladder and I came down on the verandah. I thought the people might suspect me of stealing, so I opened my areca basket for them to see that I had nothing in it but the betel that I had just picked. I offered Tilapada areca and we chewed together. Then Tilapada said, "Mother, you have been gone long; you had better return now." She was eating a big fish and another woman there was eating limpets, but they did not offer me anything to eat [inhospitable behavior]. So I went away, followed the ravine, and arrived at the government camp. There were people gathered there. They asked where I had been. I awoke.

159 787 [Meaning of this dream?] To pick betel means that I will get wounds, but small ones. Tilapada and that old woman were really in

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lang was making a bamboo arrow and Mailang took it. They fought together. Mailang shot Manilang's finger. I fought with Mailang and then I fought with Manilang. Father came and hit me. I said, "These two were fighting and I came to make them stop. Why do you hit me? You don't make arrows for the children, so they make their own and fight over them. When I try to stop them, you strike me." Then mother came and fought with father. In the struggle mother's forehead was wounded. First father's hand was hurt, so he hit mother and wounded her forehead. Mother said to father, "You have wounded me." With that they stopped fighting. [How did you feel?] I was afraid they would divorce each other. I said, "Don't fight." [Your age?] I was about twelve or fourteen.

[In a quarrel who usually came to your defense?] At that time we were living in a field house all alone. When mother fought with me, father helped me. When father fought with me, mother helped me. My siblings were still little, so I didn't fight with them. I had one older sister, Tilaleti. I was the second child. Next came two brothers, Manilang and Mailang; my sister Maralani was last. One is dead and four are still living. We all lived there together, apart from other people.

Once I was playing jacks with Sinangmai and I won more than she. She said, "Every time we play with you, you get more than others." We fought. I hit her head with my fist and she hit mine. Then our two fathers came and said, "You two are sisters, so you must not fight." They grabbed us and we stopped. My father, who was the younger brother, grabbed Sinangmai, and her father, who was the elder brother, grabbed me.

At that time my two fathers [her mother's two husbands] built a village at Lakfui, where there were big trees. First they cleared the fields. There was much blady grass. Then they built houses. When we were ready to make the death feast [*Ato*] for my grandparents, we went to our village [Wailafeng]. We had much rice and many pigs for the feast. It was very nice. My father had six brothers [classificatory], who all died in one year. This was the second year after the feast. There was a big epidemic [influenza, 1918] at the time. Maralani [her youngest sister] was small; she was still nursing. We all came up here to Atimelang to live in a field house. Father had died and Tilaleti [her oldest sister] had married Padalang in Atimelang. She had given birth to Langfani and Manima.

When we came here I looked for a husband. We worked and worked, but it was no good. Our father's village is our village; our